

1^o Britannia Triumphans:
OR THE
EMPIRE Sav'd,
AND
EUROPE Deliver'd.
BY THE

Success of Her Majesty's Forces under the
Wise and Heroick Conduct of his Grace
the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

A POEM,
By Mr. Dennis.

Ab Jove Principium Musæ. Virg.

LONDON:
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1 Decemb:

BOSTON,
THE
EMPIRE
AND
EASOP'S
BY THE
SUCCESSION OF HER MAJESTY'S HIGHNESS MARY, QUEEN OF
THE BRITISH HISTORIC COUNTING OF HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

A P O E M

BY MR DODWELL.

AT JOHN PRINCIPAL'S, IN THE ALB-



PRINTED FOR J. NICHOLSON,

To Her Most Sacred Majesty

ANNE,

Queen of *Great Britain, France and Ireland.*

The True Defender of the Protestant Faith;

The Great Supporter of the Liberties of *Europe*;

The Illustrious Maintainer of the Honour of the *English Nation*; and,

The Victorious Afferter of the Empire of the Ocean,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M,

That it may live with the Immortality of Her Renown, is with all Humility Dedicated by Her

Most Humble,

most Faithful, and

most Dutiful Subject and Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

Wetland Peat soil

approx. 20% organic

Soil pH 10

Excessive water

lime, gypsum

lime sulphur

PREFACE.

I Must confess I cannot in the Beginning of this Preface bespeak the Reader's good Opinion, by informing him that I was put upon the following Work by the Command of some great Man, who has Pow'r and Interest. My Friends can bear me witness that I wanted no such Incitement: That as soon as ever I heard of the Victory I resolv'd upon writing the Verses; And though my Interest at that time, as all who know me know very well, extreamly requir'd that I should do something else, yet it was enough for me that I look'd upon my self to be oblig'd to do this, by the Duty which I owe to the Publick; which I have always preferr'd before my Interest. Thus I quickly came to a Resolution of writing the following Verses, but as to the Form and the Manner of them I remain'd something doubtful, till I was determined by her Majesty's Proclamation for a general Thanksgiving. And that joyn'd to the Consideration of reducing some former critical Speculations into Practice, made me resolve as far I was able to make the following Verses turn upon Religion. My Design,

when

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when I began them, was to publish them upon the 7th of September, but besides that ill Health intervening caus'd Delay, I soon found to my Sorrow that a Poem is not so easily compos'd as a Prayer.

If the following Poem has any Degree of Force or Elevation in it, the judicious Reader will easily discern that it owes them in a great measure to the Religion which is mingled with it ; for Religion, as I have formerly prov'd, is the best and most solid Foundation of a great and lofty Spirit in Poetry.

If any one objects that the Religion is double in the following Poem, he will find upon a more strict Enquiry that he is mistaken. For tho' I have made the Danube a Person, that is not making him a Heathen God. David has done the same thing by Jordan, and Deborah by Kishon.

I resolv'd to make the Religion that is mingled with the following Verses, as Poetical as I could without making it Pagan. Though Fame is call'd a Goddess there ; I by no means design the Goddess of the Ancient Poets ; but an Angel or Celestial Spirit : For which I have the Authority of Milton, who in the seventh Book of his Poem, by Urania does not mean the Heathen Muse, tho' he calls her Goddess, but an Angel or Celestial Spirit. And he there makes a second Invocation which is address't to her, after he has invok'd God himself in the Beginning of his Poem. 'Tis true indeed Angels have been always painted Masculine, but without either any sufficient Reason or divine Authority. If they have Bodies I see no Reason why they mayn't be of both Sexes. If they have none, I cannot imagine how they can be of either.

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either. But a Poet who must of Necessity give them Bodies before they can be proper Machines for him ; since he gives them the Beauty of Women may very well give them the Sex too.

The following Verses were written without Rime, which I have a long time believed to be below the Majesty of the greater Poetry ; for which I have the Authority of three eminent Poets, Mr. Milton, my Lord Roscommon, and Mr. Dryden. The Reader may see Mr. Milton's Sentiments in the Preface to his *Paradise lost*, and Mr. Dryden's, and my Lord Roscommon's before the Beginning and at the End of the Essay on translated Verse.

But only the Humble or the Weak will yield to meet Human Authority. They who are conceited of their own Understandings will Submit to Reason alone ; And yet methinks the former Authorities carry Reason along with them : For they who best understand a Controversy, if they have Sincerity, are fittest to decide it. Now the Sincerity of the three forementioned Writers in relation to Rime ought never to be call'd in question ; for Mr. Dryden and my Lord Roscommon are known to have exploded it, at the very time that they wrote in it ; and Mr. Milton was very well known to be one who would not deceive either himself or his Reader. It therefore follows that those three Gentlemen had less Understanding of the Efficacy of Poetry, and the Power of Numbers, than our vulgar Readers who are fond of Rime, or that Rime was very justly condemned by them.

We shall now with as much Brevity as we can, give some Reasons that are independant of Authority, why
Rime

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Rime must of Necessity debase the Majesty and weaken the Spirit of the greater Poetry, which, because the Arguments are entirely new, may not perhaps be disagreeable to those who have a taste of Poetry.

The Sentiments in Poetry create the Spirit, or the Passion, which are but two Words for the same thing; and the Spirit or Passion produces the Expression, and begets the Harmony. Now 'tis the Expression which shews the Spirit, and 'tis the Harmony which causes it to make its utmost Impression. And when all these things are adjusted, when the Sentiments are adapted to the Subject, the Spirit or Passion in a just Degree to the Sentiments, and the Harmony and the Expression to the particular Kind and Degree of Spirit or Passion, why then the Result of all this is what the Men of Art call Perfection or the Truth of Nature. I know indeed very well, that Expression and Harmony go together, because the Expression includes the Harmony; yet for the better clearing of the Matter we shall distinctly treat of them.

This then is certain, that ev'ry Sentiment or Thought has a Degree of Spirit, or Passion, or Fire, call it what you please, which is proper to it, and every thing above or below that Degree is utterly wrong. Now this is as certain that there is but just one Expression which can convey that Spirit or Passion in its true Proportion. And every thing that is not that one Expression is false, and weakens the Spirit, and obscures the Sentiment. Now Nature whose Sagacity is most admirable, and her Operations of Celebrity almost infinite, and who goes the shortest way to her Works, very often dictates that Expression at first

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first, especially in the greater Poetry, where the Imagination is always warm, and the Thoughts are always flowing.

But this is plain from common Experience, that the Expression, which Nature dictates at first, and which is powerful, sounding, significant, and in short the true one, is very often alter'd upon the Account of the Rhime. And a Word or two are chang'd, which destroys its Beauty, and the greater part of its Force; makes it less strong, less sounding, less significant, and weakens the Spirit, and sets the Sentiment in a false Light: From whence it follows that Rime in the greater Poetry running counter to Nature must be against Art.

But as every Sentiment has but one particular Expression which of Right belongs to it, so that Expression has but one particular Harmony which is adapted to that peculiar Degree of Spirit which naturally attends on the Sentiment. Now Nature, who, as we observed before, is wonderful in her Operations, very often in the greater Poetry dictates that Harmony together with the Expression. Every Poet must know by Experience that the Harmony which we naturally slide into in the greater Poetry is that of Blank Verse, which whenever we are oblig'd to alter to introduce the Rime, we for the most part impair the Harmony, infeeble the Expression, debase the Spirit, and set the Sentiment in a wrong View.

There can be no nearer Relation between any two things in the World, than there is, in writing, between Passion and Harmony. Harmony may be said to be both the Father and the Child of Passion; 'tis

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produced by it, and begets it ; and the more pathetick any Discourse is, the more harmonious it must of Necessity be. Even of Discourses in Prose, those are the most musical which are the most passionate. The Orations of Cicero have more harmonious Periods than his philosophical Discourses. And therefore Poetry is more harmonious than Prose because it is more pathetick. And the more pathetick Poetry is, the greater must be its Harmony. And therefore the Spirit, the Passion, the Fire, or the Flame, being very great in the greater Poetry, and sometimes very violent, have as it were a natural Tendency to the producing perfect Harmony.

But Rime being utterly false in Harmony, as we shall shew immediately, must be contrary to true Passion, and to the greater Poetry. Rime is the same thing in Relation to Harmony that a Pun is in Relation to Wit ; as a Pun is false Wit, or a foolish Affectation of Wit, Rime is false Harmony, or an Affectation of Harmony. Rime may not so absurdly be said to be the Pun of Harmony.

There are in our English Poetry four things which have been thought to conduce to Harmony ; which are Number, Measure, Cadence, and Rime. Of these the three first consist of several different Sounds which are dependant one of another.

Rime is wholly independant of the other three ; and consists in the greater Poetry but of two Sounds, which are Unisons. Now I appeal to all the Masters of Musick if Unisons can make any Harmony. Harmony is the Agreement of different Sounds, and the Per-

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Perfection of Harmony is the Agreement of discordant Sound by the Mediation of others. And there is a great deal of Chromatick Harmony in Poetry as well as in Musick. And such particularly is a great deal of Virgil's Harmony. Well then! Rime consisting of Unisons can have no Harmony in it self, and being independant of Numbers, Cadence and Measure can never promote the Harmony which they produce. And a Poet's constant Application to rime, diverts his Application, in a great Degree, from Numbers, Measure, and Cadence, and consequently is a severe Restraint upon the three Producers of Harmony. And as it diverts the Application of the Writer, so by alluring the Attention of vulgar Readers, it diverts them from the other three.

But besides that, Rime, by the Constraint that it puts upon the Writer, impairs the Beauty and the natural Force of the Expression, and the Power of true Harmony; it has something effeminate in its jingling Nature, and emasculates our English Verse, and consequently is utterly unfit for the greater Poetry. English Tragedies that have been writ in Rime most of them rowl upon Love. The Soul of a Tragick Poet, who has giv'n himself up to Rime, has seldom been capable of Terror or Majesty, or the Instruction of the noblest Philosophy, or any thing that is truly great.

Besides Rime has in its Nature something that is low and comical, and the more of Rime there is in a Verse, the nearer it comes to the Comick. Double Rimes are more comical than the Single, and Treble Ones than Either. A Rime alone is very often a Jest,

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as all who are acquainted with Hudibras very well know ; but never any one was extravagant enough to affirm that there was any thing great and noble in Rime alone.

But the last Consideration but one, viz. The Effeminity of Rime, and the Influence which it had upon Tragedy, brings me to enquire further into the Matter of Fact ; and to add the Proof of Experience to those which we have drawn from Authority and Reason. For Men of Sense are too proud to yield to Authority, and Fools are too weak to submit to Reason, but Experience, which never deceived any one, carries Conviction both for the one and the other.

The Matter of Fact then is, that most of our Plays that have been writ in Rime, have been most abominably out of Nature. And where in Rime we have one tolerable Tragedy, in Blank Verse we have ten. So that those very numerical Persons who declare for Rime in other kinds of Poetry, are utterly against it in Tragedy. But not only the Tragedies in Blank Verse are the best, but the very best of our Epick Poems is writ in the same Verse. And that is the Paradise lost of Milton. And though this may in some Measure be attributed to the admirable and extraordinary Choice of the Subject, yet I am satisfied that something of its Excellence is owing to the Blank Verse. For Mr. Dryden has handled the very same Subject in Rime, but has fallen so infinitely short of the Sublimity, the Majesty, the Vehemence, and the other great Qualities of Milton, that they are never to be nam'd together.

Well ?

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Well! But since it is manifest from what has been said, that Rime is prejudicial both to Poetry and to true Harmony. The Reader may very naturally enquire how it came at first to be introduced into our English Verse? Why, Milton has given a very good Account of that; It was, says he, the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set of wretched Matter and lame Meeter. When Rime was first introduced into this Island, the Language was without Harmony, and the Writers were without Genius. And Rime after all that has been said against it, must be allowed to be an admirable Invention to conceal the want of Spirit, and the want of Harmony. Verse with Rime seems to me to be like the Musick of a Bagpipe, where the Drone, by continually stunning your Ears, hinders you from nicely enquiring into the Notes. And what a dexterous Expedient Rime is to conceal the want of Genius, may appear abundantly from most of the Riming Plays that were writ and acted in King Charles the Second's Time. In most of which it is very plain that Rime made extravagant Simile pass for Nature, abominable Fustan for fine Language, ridiculous Rant for great Spirit, and senseless Whining for true Passion. Well! But is our Language now without Harmony? So far from that that it is the most musical perhaps of the Western. Are now our Writers without Genius? No certainly; not all of them. But why does Rime continue then? Why is it writ? Why does it please! Why, in the first place, there are Thousands who read Rime, who never so much as heard of Blank Verse; and when we consider those who have heard of it, we have little Reason

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son to wonder that a great many of them can by no means last it, if we reflect upon the Prevalence of Prejudice, and the Force of Custom. They who read Poetry, have been us'd to Rime from their Infancy; and what cannot long Habititude render agreeable? Let us instance particularly in Sounds. Enquire of the Inhabitants of London Bridge, if the Fall of the Water there is not grown as it were natural to them by long use? Ask them if it be not necessary either to compose their Spirits, or to keep them up? If they do not sleep with the more Soundnes for it, and wake with the more Chearfulness? Examine a Fellow who has liv'd all his Life in a Paper-mill, and he shall assure you, that not only the Running round of the Wheels, and the burrying Noise of the Mill, but even the insupportable Jangling of the Cogs, is a thing that sooths him, is a thing that pleases him; that he is melancholly when he is long out of the Hearing of it; and even weary and sick of less tumultuous Sounds. Nay ask even a Fellow that has been bred to sawing of Marble, and he shall tell you that the Sound which it makes is Musick to him. And sawing of Marble, is next to Riming, the most impertinent Noise in Nature.

After what has been said, no Man will wonder if Readers, who have all their Life Time been used to Rime, soon grow weary and sick of true Harmony unless in Case of a delicate Ear, which is so rare a Gift of Nature, that it has been observed in every Nation that Harmony has been the very last thing that has been improved in Poetry, and as soon as in any Nation the Poetical Harmony has grown perfect, there the whole Art of Poetry has been accomplish'd. But

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But to come from the Readers of Poetry to the Writers : These last are of two Sorts ; the good and the bad. The bad will certainly endeavour to maintain Rime, because Rime does in some measure conceal their want of Ear, and their want of Genius, and is perhaps as necessary to the giving them a sort of a dull Mettle, and to the keeping them jogging on with their Burden of Dulness, as Bells are requisite to a Cart-horse or to a Pack-horse ; which very Bells upon the Course at New-Market, would but render the Racer ridiculous, and would but stop his Speed. Rime has the last of these Effects upon a good Writer, and would have the first, if it were not for the Force of Custom. And 'tis the Prevalence of Custom alone, that keeps good Writers fast to it. Some great Men who have writ well in spight of it, serve to keep them in Countenance : for they little consider that those great Men would have writ much better, if they had writ without it. Besides the Business of most even good Writers is to make themselves popular, there are but few, very few of them who are capable of sacrificing their Interest to their Reputations, and to the Service which they do to the Publick by improving a noble Art ; and they are rather vain than ambitious, and had rather have a present general Applause, than a Reputation in time to come lasting and universal.

The universal use of Blank Verse in Tragedy, and the spreading Fame of Milton is a sure Prognostick of the decaying Reputation of Rime. A Man may venture to foretell without incurring the Censure of being a fash or visionary ; that before this Century is half expir'd

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pir'd, Rime will be wholly banished from our greater Poetry. A Custom that has been a long time generally received, cannot be broke at once ; but nothing that is false can remain always. 'Tis true indeed, Prejudice, and Opinion, and Interest, and Vanity are frequent Friends to Falshood ; but Time, the most sagacious of all Criticks, will surely be a Friend to Truth.

I desire that the Reader would take notice that it is only in the greater Poetry that I have been condemning Rime. It may do well enough in Amorous Verses, and it may be necessary in some sorts of Satyr. For the following Verses, I do not pretend that because they are without Rime they are without all Defects ; If I had had more time they should have been less numerous, and some Expressions should not have been repeated. Not but that there are several Repetitions in the following Poem which were studied and sought for upon the account of Grace and Ornament, but there is here and there one which should have been omitted.

The

THE
 E M P I R E Sav'd,
 A N D
EUROPE Deliver'd.

Up, Rouze your selves, ye Nations, praise
 the Lord,
 Sing, ye deliver'd Nations, to your God,
 A lofty Song of Thankfulness and Praise ;
 For his Almighty Arm o'erthrew the Proud,
 His be the Triumph, as the Conquest his.

And thou, O God, rais'd High above all Gods,
 Thou God of great Revenge, true God of War,
 Who when the injur'd World to thee appeal'd,

Descending bow'd the very Heav'n of Heav'ns,
And with Ten Thousand Terrors arm'd cam'st
down

On Bleinheim's dreadful Day, t' avenge the wrong'd,
Upon their mighty and their proud Oppressor :
Thou gav'st the Victory, do thou inspire the Praise,
If thou in Sacred Harmony delight'st ;
Or if thou lov'st to pass eternal Day
Pleas'd with the Songs of the triumphing Just,
O animate my Breast, inspire my Voice,
Invigorate my Mind, inflame my Song ;
No wretched, low, untun'd, profaick Song,
But lofty, spirited, inspir'd, divine,
That the admiring World may know 'tis thine.
From none but thee the lofty Thought could
spring.
From none but thee th' immortal Spirit flow,
Transporting, equal to the deathless Theme ;
O may it last whole Ages, last as long,
As the Remembrance of the mighty Day,
Which now it Celebrates in sounding Verse ;
That it be ne'er by Human Wrongs opprest,

Or be by Ancientness of Days defac'd :
 That when our late Posterity shall read,
 Our late Posterity with melting Eyes,
 With ravish'd Hearts, and with astonish'd Souls,
 May prostrate all adore thy wond'rous Pow'r,
 Thy Divine Mercy to their blest Forefathers ;
 And that it may advance, whene'er 'tis read,
 Thy Glory, and Victorious *England's* Fame.

Such *Moses* and exulting *Israel* Sang,
 (Theirs was the Sound, the Inspiration thine)
 When the Red Sea, the Chariots and the Horse
 Of haughty wretched *Pharoah* overturn'd,
 Such the glad Prophetess Triumphant Sang,
 Her Head environ'd with her Native Palm,
 When rising *Kishon* with victorious Floud
 The proud Oppressor *Jabins* Arms o'erwhelm'd,
 As Hoary *Danube*, with indignant Waves,
 Swallow'd the *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Hosts,
 And at thy Word, O God, reveng'd his slaughter'd
 Sons.

Begin my Soul, and strike the Living Lyre,
 O raise thy self, O rouze thy utmost Pow'rs.
 Contemn the World, and ev'ry thing below,
 And soaring Tow'r above Mortality,
 To meet and welcome thy descending God.
 'Tis done! O Raptures never felt before!
 Tempestuous Whirlwind of Transporting Flame!
 O whither am I caught! O whither rapt,
 To what immense unutterable ^Hheights?

Begin my Soul, and strike the Living Lyre!
 Joyn ye deliver'd Nations in the Song!
 Your Voices ye deliver'd Nations joyn!
 All your Harmoneous Instruments unite,
 But ye peculiarly, ye chosen Tribes,
 Professors of Reform'd and Spotless Faith!
 Let for one happy Hour the Church below
 Triumph like that above, and ye blest Beings,
 Ye Hosts of Saints, ye glorious Hosts of Martyrs,
 Who now in the exulting Realms of Light

Sing your old Triumphs o'er the Griezly King
 Of Terrors in the noble Cause of Truth ;
 Ye Harmonious Hosts of Angels, who your Hours,
 Your blissful Hours in tuneful Shouts of Joy,
 And in eternal Hallelujahs pass,
 Triumphing for old Conquests which ye gain'd,
 Over th' Infernal Tyrants dreadful Host,
 And still the Fall of dire Ambition sing
 In lofty Song with which all Heaven is charm'd ;
 Let your bright Quires incline their list'ning
 Ears,
 And for one Hour rehearse our numerous Song ;
 The Sacred Subject is the same with yours,
 How is Ambition faln, like you we sing ;
 We sing the Wonders of our Maker's Pow'r,
 His Glory, and the Triumphs of the Just.

Now let thy tuneful Joy, my Soul, grow loud,
 So loud, that all the list'ning World may hear,
 And let th' attending Universe reply,
 Let Earth and Heav'n rehearse the lofty Song,
 While the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky,

And

And the bleſt Church Triumphant here below,
Joyn in one Chorus of Immortal Praise.

And thou, Great Queen, the Glory of thy Sex,
The Prop and Glory of the Noble Isle ;
On whom ev'n *William* looks admiring down,
And owns thee a Successor worthy him ;
On whom the gazing World looks wond'ring up,
And its Deliverance waits from Heav'n and thee,
Whose matchless Piety and watchful Care,
Shews all the wond'ring World that thou art sent
From the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky
To make the warring Church Triumph below ;
Vouchsafe to Patronize this Sacred Song,
Great Championess of Liberty and Faith,
Great Patroness of all the Christian World !
Lo first for thee, and thy auspicious Reign,
Th' exulting Nation's Praise to Heav'n return !
Is there a Climate so remote on Earth
Where distress'd Virtue is beyond the Reach
Of thy extensive Charity ? Thy Aid

Thro'

Thro' all his rapid Course old *Danube* owns,
 And proudly curling his Imperial Waves
 To distant barbarous ^{Climes} Armies transports thy Fame ;
 Thy wond'rrous Virtue to his gladsome Shores,
 Transported *Tagus* wafts o'er Golden Sand ;
 (A Thousand Echoes from his Shores reply)

Thy Praise his Nymphs in tuneful Notes re-hearse,
 The Darling Theme of *Lusitanian* Song.

Thy Fame, Great Queen, the horrid Alps ascends,
 And warms them, cover'd with eternal Snow ;
 Their Natives amidst wintry Horrors plac'd,
 Warmly thy Goodness and thy Pow'r extol ;
 Those dreadful Fortresses by Nature made
 The Bounds of dire Ambition, were too weak,
 Before thy generous Aid new Strength supply'd.
 Since then the Christian World repairs to thee
 For Patronage and Shelter from their Foes,
 Since Right and Truth from thee Protection find
 Since purest Faith, the Darling Child of Heav'n,
 And every thing that's Sacred flies to thee

For Shelter under thy auspicious Pow'r,
 Vouchsafe, Great Queen, to grace this sacred Song
 With thy Majestick Patronage, this Song
 Begun at thy Command so strictly giv'n,
 To celebrate with Pomp of Holy Praise
 The Memory of *Bleinheim's* glorious Day,
 A Song compos'd expressly to advance
 The Glory of thy Maker in thy Fame.

Now let thy tuneful Joy, my Soul, grow loud,
 So loud that all the list'ning World may hear ;
 And let th' attending Universe reply,
 Let Earth and Heav'n rehearse the lofty Song,
 While the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky,
 And the blest Church Triumphant here below,
 Joyn in one Chorus of Immortal Praise.

Ye Nations raise your Tuneful Notes on High,
 And raising to the Stars your mighty Arms,
 Your Arms now mighty, now secur'd from Bonds

O lift above the Stars your joyful Praise,
To him from whom alone Deliverance flows.

But be thy Voice distinguish'd from the rest,
Thou stately Daughter of Imperial *Rome*,
Germania! Thou ! Canst thou confine thy Joy ?
Canst thou the Transports of thy Praise restrain ?
O no ! Thou surely wilt grow wild with Joy !
For thou hast past at once beyond all Hope,
To blissful Rapture from extream Despair ;
Thou art deliver'd from a World of Woe.
Now nought but stormy Shouts of Joy are heard
From *Rhaetian* Mountains to the Northern Main,
Where lately nought but doleful Sighs were
heard,
And piercing Groans, and Shrieks, and rueful
Wails ;
Thou stately Daughter of Imperial *Rome*
Wert bound, alas, with most opprobrious Bonds,
And basely threaten'd with impending Rape.
Thy trembling Offspring helpless round thee ran,
And some shriek'd piously aloud for Aid,
While others wrung their wretched Arms in vain ;

Some frightened into Madness wildly star'd,
 And some look'd on with stupid Eyes aghast,
 Some swooning, dying, with their Grief exprest
 By their last Groans their vast Excess of Woe.
 One desperate Villain help'd thy raging Foes,
 With execrable Hands his Mother bound,
 And for her impious Ravishers prepar'd
 Thou *Danube* wert confounded at the Sight,
 And troubled, backward to thy Fountain turn'dst;
 Then lifting thy sonorous Voice on High,
 Call'dst to thy Brother *Rhine* aloud for Aid.
 Thy Brother *Rhine* soon heard thy sounding
 Voice,
 But sadly shaking his Majestick Head,
 And casting a compassionating Look,
 Strait hid himself within his thickest Ooze.
 What couldst thou do? But shrink thy inglorious
 Head
 Within thy Reeds, and breath forth empty
 Threats,
 The windy Births of melancholy Rage.
 When in the dreary Horrors of the Dark,

As oft as Night return'd t' imbrown thy Waves,
 Thou like a *Bittern* through thy doleful Reeds
 Complain'dst in fullen and in moody Groans,
 Expressing Manly Sorrow mixt with Rage ;
 While thy brown Billows sounding on thy Shōre,
 And swinging flow with hoarſe and fullen Roar,
 Kept murmuring Conſort to thy threatning Moan.
 Thou *Danube* to the *Euxin* durſt not run,
 To which insulting thou wert wont to fly,
 Not to discharge the Tribute of thy Waves,
 But carry Terrors to th' astonish'd Main,
 And make the Crescent wear a deadlier Pale.
 Now ſwiftly *Danube* to the *Euxin* fly,
 And in thy rapid Flight thy Maker praife :
 Sound, ſound his Praife at all thy extended
 Mouths,
 And let th' attending *Euxin* with a Groan,
 That may to *Constantine's* proud Tow'rs reſound,
 Reflect how Heav'n confounds perſidious Men.
 Then turning to the diſtant *Rhine* thy Voice,
 Raise it that all th' astonish'd *Rhine* may hear :
 And lifting up thy Arms, now free from Bonds,

Lifting aloft thy now Victorious Arms ;
 Let him with Rapture see, with Rapture hear,
 The Effects of *Bleinheim's* Field : He hears, he
 hears,
 And rouzing up himself with generous Rage,
 Prepares to shake off his ignoble Bonds,
 And reap the Fruit of *Bleinheim's* glorious Day.

Germania, Raise thy tuneful Voice to Heaven ;
 Let thy fierce Eagle towring to the Skies,
 In Thunder bear thy Maker's Praise to Heav'n,
 Who has for thee perform'd amazing things,
 Which but to hope had been Presumption thought,
 And what had look'd like Wildness ev'n to wish.
 Th' unconquer'd *English* from the *Northern* Main
 March to thy Aid, O vast Surprize of Joy !
 Hark ! How thy ravish'd Offspring shout for Joy !
 Hark ! How they fiercely cry Revenge, Revenge,
 O welcome, welcome to our longing Souls,
 For whose dear Sake a thousand times we'll die.
 See, see thy Sons in firm Battalions stand,
 Dejected now, desponding now no more ;

See great Revenge inflame their Martial Eyes,
 And round their Temples spread its warlike Die ?
 But whence this Spirit ? Whence this wond'rous
 Change ?

The unconquer'd *English* from the Northern Main
 March to thy Aid ; O vast Surprise of Joy !
 They whom thy wond'ring Eyes ne'er saw before,
 Nor them, nor their Forefathers since the Time
 Thy rugged *Saxons* left their horrid Clime,
 For *Britain's* gentle Shore, at last are come,
 Are unexpected and unhop'd for come ;
 See to their ancient wretched Mother's Aid
 The Pious Nation march impetuous on.
Germania raise thy tuneful Voice to Heav'n,
 And praise return to Heav'n, and gracious *Ann*,
 Who sends them to thy Aid ; she Day and Night
 Breaks her own Rest to give the World Repose,
 To give it Liberty and lasting Peace.
 For only Gracious *Ann* can under Heav'n
 Give Freedom to the World, and lasting Peace ;
 For only she o'er willing Nations reigns,
 O'er free-born Souls, whose Glory, and whose
 Pride

Is

Is to infranchise all the Christian World.
 And she can give the lab'ring Nations Peace.
 For as the Dove that from the Deluge fled
 Brought her mild Olive to the shelt'ring Ark,
 Fram'd by great Heav'n's Command to save Man-
 kind,
 And found Protection there ; so gentle Peace,
 Now Slaughter deluges the Nations round,
 To *Anna's* sacred Breast for Shelter flies,
 And finds sure Refuge there, and will from thence
 Send its blest Influence out to glad the World.
 But the *French* Tyrant's Breast had never Peace,
 There endless Strife, there dire Ambition reigns,
 He what he never had can ne'er bestow.
 Peace without Freedom is an empty Name,
 But he calls miserable Bondage Peace,
 As Plunder, Murder, Rape he Empire calls,

Germania, Praise return to Heav'n and *Ann*,
 'Tis Heav'n and she that from the Northern Main
 Have sent the noblest Nation to thy Aid,
 Which the wide Ocean from the World divides;

A Na-

A Nation round the which wise Nature casts
 The stormy Main subjected to her Sway,
 That no usurping Tyrant might invade
 The sacred Refuge of fair Liberty,
 And the World's Champion People might annoy,
 For wheresoever faithless *Gallia* sends
 Her Grim Destroyers, there *Britannia* sends
 Her glad Deliverers to preserve Mankind ;
 A Nation which the lovely Fame enjoys
 Still to have fought for Liberty, for Truth,
 For all the injur'd Nations common Rights,
 Which speaks to dire Ambition in the Tone,
 The thund'ring Tone that Heav'n reprobres the
 Main,
 Here know thy Bounds, here stop thy aspiring
 Waves.)

Her's are the shining Squadrons that descend
 Aiong thy Shore in terrible Array,
 Their Forms not wholly like, nor yet unlike thy
 Sons,
 Resembling just as far as Brethren should,
 As they who from the same brave Sires descend.

How

How thou art ravish'd with their lofty Meens,
 The Joy that in their Looks severely shines,
 And all the dreadful Spirit in their Eyes
 Dauntless, unparallell'd, invineible,
 Secure of Victory, secure of Fame!
 Such Spirit never did thy Eyes behold;
 No, never, thy Heroick Eugene cries,
 Such mighty *Eugene* never saw before;
 No, wond'rous Prince, thou such couldst never
 see,
 Tho' thou hast long Triumphant Armies led,
 Tho' thou hast conquer'd Foes of every kind,
 Humbling the Pride of the perfidious East,
 And the more faithless Tyrant of the West;
 Tho' thou hast been victorious in more Lands
 Than wand'ring Travellers have seen, yet thou
 Couldst ne'er before this Hour such Spirit see,
 Because thou ne'er before this Hour beheldst
 An Army from a free-born People chose;
 For only Briton's of the Race of Men
 Their Liberties entirely have maintain'd,
 Nobly maintain'd against the joint Assaults

Of

Of Homebred Treason, and external Rage,
 The Pride of Foreign Tyrants, and their own.
 Know 'tis from Liberty, thou wond'rous Man,
 Master of daring Councils yet of wise,
 From Godlike Liberty this noble Fire,
 This dauntless, this immortal Spirit flows.

Germania, raise thy tuneful Voice on high,
 This is the Nation preordain'd by Fate
 To save thee Daughter of Imperial *Rome*,
 Just sinking in the vast Abyss of Time,
 Like thy great Mother under barb'r ous Rage.
 Hear this, y' aspiring Rulers of the Earth,
 Ye who for empty Noise or transient Pow'r
 Oppress the weak, and undermine the strong,
 Ye Plagues of God to scourge a guilty World
 By vain Pursuits of Arbitrary Sway !
 Who this magnanimous People would destroy,
 That stands between your proud Designs and you ;
 Hear this, and think that nothing's lasting here,
 Empires like Men insensibly decay,

D

Think

Think that the time must come when you or yours
 Must tast the sad Vicissitudes of Fate,
 And in your Turns by proud Oppression groan ;
 Then hate so brave a People, if you can.

A People the sure Hope of the distrefs'd,
 The brave Defenders of the Rights of Kings,
 And the just Guardians of fair Liberty,
 Europe's immortal Body of Reserve
 Against the Squadrons of Tyrannick Pow'r.

Oh *Austria, Austria*, had thy *Philip* known
 That time e'en then was harnessing the Years,
 When this brave People, Object of his Rage
 And of his Hate, should prove thy noblest Friends,
 Should rescue both thy bright Imperial Crowns,
 Deliver *Germany*, recover *Spain*.
 Raise up thy drooping Eagle from the Dust,
 And fix new Thunder on his soaring Wings ;
 Then deep Reflection on the just Returns
 Of Fate had dash'd his proud aspiring Thoughts.
 The chief Ambition of his Soul had been

To be allied to such a generous Race.

He great *Eliza* would have courted then

For Friendship, as *Maria* for Desire,

That strict inviolable League which joins

Our Int'rests now, e'en then had been begun.

And *Philip* then like *Leopold* or *Charles*

With great *Britannia's* awful Queen had joyn'd

To establish Right and Peace, and from the
Proud

And strong Oppreffer vindicate Mankind.

Ye Nations, who profess the Christian Faith,
Together raise your tuneful Notes on High,
So High that all the list'ning World may hear
And let th' attending Universe reply,
Let Earth and Heav'n repeat the lofty Song,
While the bright Church Triumphant in the Sky,
And the blest Church Triumphing here below,
Joynt in one Chorus of Immortal Praise.

But let the Sound of thy aspiring Song,
Britannia, be distinguish'd from them all,
As among all thy Offspring *Anna's* fam'd
For pious Praise and Gratitude to Heav'n ;
So o'er thy Sister Nations be thy Song
Renown'd, for Heaven and Nature have bestow'd
On thee, the Talent of exalted Song.
Britannia, Thou canst sing such lofty Strains,
As Heav'n and Nature may rejoice to hear ;
And Heav'n superlatively honours thee ;
And o'er thy Sister Nations lifts thy Name ;
Thee they all bless, and thee they all admire,
Among them like the Morning Star thou shin'st ;
But to Oppressors like the Fiery || Star, (|| Mars)
Or like a Comet that with sanguine Blaze
Denounces War and Revolutions dire,
To purple Tyrants a portentous Light.
Such new unheard of Fame thou hast acquir'd,
As never old, nor modern Nations knew,
Grecians indeed, and *Romans*, *Perſians*, *Medes*,

And

And modern *Spaniards* too, and modern *Gauls*
 Have conquering fought for universal Sway ;
 For universal Freedom only thou,
 By so much more illustrious than them all,
 As 'tis more truly glorious to redeem
 Than 'tis to damn the wretched Race of Men.

Then stretch thy lofty Voice to Heav'n, and sing
 Thy Maker's Praise, that Earth and Heav'n may
 hear.

By him thou freed'st the World at *Bleinheim's*
 Field ;

'Twas he supplied thee with the Godlike Will,
 His Terrors and his Thunders arm'd thy Pow'r's ;
 He thy Great Queen with sovereign Wisdom blest,
 Instructing her to choose the glorious Chief,
 Deserving to command her daring Troops,
 Embattel'd for the Freedom of the World.
 A general Worthy of Heroick Times,
 For *Marlborough* now fills the Breath of Fame.
 Like *Grecian*, or the Godlike *Roman* Names,

But

But who shall paint thee wond'rous Chief, in
whom

Repugnant Qualities are reconciled ;
Secret thy Soul as is the dead of Night,
Yet cheerful as the Smile of opening Day,
That lofty, awful, and commanding Brow
With sweet attractive Majesty invites.

Calm are his Thoughts in his profound Designs,
Yet swift tho' sure his executing Might,
His Breast supply'd with all the glorious Fire
That burns with inextinguishable Flame
In the aspiring Minds of those brave Men,
Who by great Actions court eternal Fame.
Yet he by a transcendent Force of Mind,
Entirely Master of that tow'ring Fire,
Which, like his Slave, he absolutely sways
With a Controlling and a Lordly Pow'r.

Calm are his Gestures, his Majestick Brow
Compos'd, ne'er dark with Grief, nor rough with
Rage,

But always mild, attractive, bright, serene.
 In whom deep Foresight dwells unknown to fear,
 And Intrepidity unknown to Rage.
 The Love of Fame that urges him away
 T' immortal Actions still severely curb'd,
 Always obedient to cool Wisdom's Voice,
 And guided like the Chariot of the Sun,
 Whose animating Fires preserve the World
 Far, far above the Tempests stormy Rage.

Wisely he manages the Nerves of War,
 Yet a Contemner of the vastest Sums
 When Glory and the general Cause require,
 Tho new to the Command on *Danube's* Shore
 His Effay an Heroick Master-piece,
 Whose Brightness dazles all Spectators Eyes,
 Astonishes our Friends, confounds our Foes.
 Stupendous the Design in ev'ry Part
 Whether the vast Conception we regard,
 Or the surprizing Secrefy with which
 'Twas long conceal'd from penetrating Eyes,

Or

Or the amazing Swiftneſſ of his March
When from the *Maeſe* his wond'ring Troops he led.
Or the judicious Boldneſſ of his Choice
When he began with dreadful *Schellenbourgh*,
Which Conquest open'd the *Bavarian* Plains,
And made them to victorious Flames a Prey.
That their perfidious Chief impatient grown
Under his Country's irritating Spoil
Might force the backward *French* t'engage as soon
As *Marlborough* the bright Occasion found.

How great is he who in his ample Thought
Could comprehend and afterwards prepare
By the illustrious Toils of two Campagns,
(In which a large Extent of Ground he gain'd
A strengthning Barrier for the cautious *Dutch*)
Th' astonishing Design, which all at once,
Like Magick changes all the Face of War ;
Confounds the *Gallick* Tyrants proud Designs,
Dashes him headlong from his tow'ring Thoughts
The Mountains heap'd on Mountains in his Head.

From

From which his proud Imagination thought
 To drive out Reason, God's Vicegerent here,
 And rule the Earth with Hells dispotick Sway.

He like a hoary Wizard close immur'd
 In his enchanted Castle sat retir'd,
 And there unseen he mutter'd secret Sounds,
 And there Infernal Characters he drew
 That muster'd up black Clouds t'obscure the Day,
 And scare the Nations with their dreadful Gloom,
 And then the Tempest rag'd, the Thunder roar'd,
 Threatning the World with universal Wreck.
 At length the time ordain'd by Fate is come,
 The Conq'ring Hero's come who breaks the
 Charm,
 And now the old Enchanter looks aghast,
 Forlorn, forsaken by th' Infernal Pow'rs,
 And trembling at th' impending Wrath of Heav'n

But of the Talents of thy mighty Mind
 Immortal Marlbro' what we most admire

Is that Rapidity by which to Fame
 Thro' all the Bars that Art or Nature cast,
 Thro' hardest Rocks thou hew'st thy wond'rous
 Way,
 Daring yet wise thy Conduct, and resolv'd
 With all the Judgment of discerning Thought,
 For the great Juncture call'd for all thy Speed.
 Th' insulting *French* were overturning all,
 And Liberty in dire Convulsions lay ;
 The Empire foundring like a vast Galleon
 That's by the Tempest beat on ev'ry side,
 When raging Ocean in a general Storm
 Sends his sonorous Billows to th' Assault :
 Savoy was sinking, and the cruel *French*,
 Climbing the Summits of the horrid *Alps*,
 Embrue'd their murd'ring Hands in guiltless
 Blood,
 Ev'n in the dreadful Region of the Thunder.
 The *Lusitanian* grumbled at the Chance
 Of adverse War, and unexpected Rout,
 And fondly sighed for ancient Leagues again.
 With Terror more then cold *Helvetia* shook,

Whiter than Ambient Snow her deadly Hue,
 And howling o'er her *Alpine* Rocks she ran,
 Tho' fenc'd with *Alpine* Rocks yet unsecure,
 And trembling with pale Fear, her hoary Hair
 That hung dishevel'd, and the Sport of Winds,
 She tore, and would have wrung her wretched
 Arms,
 But her own Sons for mercenary Sums
 Had bound her wretched Arms with Chains of
 Gold ;
 And her Majestick Robe had rudely torn,
 And naked left her to the killing Cold.
 A Gyant o'er the Neighbouring Mountains
 stalk'd,
 With mad Deportment and with savage
 Mein.
 And cruel Eyes that threaten'd instant Fate.

Italia, Ah how fain, how chang'd from her,
 Who won the World with her victorious Arms,
 With the wide Ocean circumscrib'd her Sway,

And with the Stars her never dying Fame,
Was basely into vile Submission brav'd,

Brittain in dreadful Expectation lay
By two contending Daughters to be torn,
Both stubborn Foes to Union, and yet both
Unless united hopelessly undone.

England was plagu'd with an unnatural Race,
A Race expecting but the Blow of Fate,
The cutting off one slender royal Thread,
That Thread on which the Christian World de-
pends,
And then (but long avert that Hour ye Heavens)
Resolving infamously to betray
Their Country to a Foreign Tyrants Pow'r.

These were the potent Reasons for Dispatch,
Beside th' undaunted Spirit that appear'd
In the brave Squadrons and Battallions joyn'd,
That flash'd victorious Lightning from their Eyes ;
Which

Which their great Leader soon perceiv'd with
Joy ;

Too wise their boyling Ardor to restrain,
And check their Fire impatient to be freed.
Rais'd, and inflam'd by that stupendious March,
Such as their fam'd Forefathers never knew,
And which attracted the admiring Eyes
Of all the gazing World, and seem'd to cry
They had not time to cool, but must do things
To satisfy th' expecting World, so great
As scarce their great Forefathers e'er perform'd.

Besides, 'tis not the Valour of their Troops
To which the *French* their boasted Conquests owe,
'Tis not their Discipline which makes them dread-
ful,
'Tis Treason, Subornation, Daggers, Poison,
Besides a thousand other Arts obscene.
Could they by Discipline or Force prevail,
'Tis manifest they bravely would disdain

To have Recourse to such inglorious ways.
 And wisely the sagacious General thought
 The sooner he compell'd them to decide
 The Contest by the last Event of War,
 The less Occasion would the Traytors find
 To try detestable infernal Arts.

Add that th' exhausted Empire could afford
 No long Supply to such a numerous Host.

Lastly, this War was an Appeal to Heav'n
 And this great Cause the darling Cause of Heav'n,
 For 'twas for Truth they appear'd in glorious
 Arms

For Justice, Liberty, Religion, God.
 And shewing his brave Troops that he repos'd
 His Confidence in Heav'n would fire their Souls,
 And would sustain them in the dreadful Field
 More than a thousand Bodies of Reserve.
 And what could more convince th' impatient
 Troops

That

That he repos'd his Confidence in Heav'n,
 Than sudden and determinate Recourse
 To the decisive Vengeance of the Field.

Urg'd by these pow'rful Motives to Dispatch,
 He his bold *English* leads to *Schellenbourg*,
 Where the *Bavarian* and the *Gallick* Troops
 Lie with the utmost Skill of Art intrench'd,
 To guard th' important Pass of *Donawert*,
 Of *Donawert*, *Bavaria's* fatal Key ;
 Upon possessing which the great Success,
 Of this illustrious Enterprize depends :
 There he the Orders for the fierce Assault
 Issues, with chearful Majesty serene,
 Valour in human Hearts too oft proceeds
 From ardent Temper, or from glowing Rage,
 Provok'd by mortal Wrongs, or Fear of Shame.
 But here remote from Fear or Rage behold
 A Valour worthy of the Heroick Chief,
 Who leads the Squadrons that appear in Arms

For

For Liberty at once, and spotless Faith,
 The two great Causes of the Earth and Sky.
 And here the *French* their Maxim may recant *
 That no Man can with fix'd Regards survey
 The dazzling Front of Death, or of the Sun.
 For as an Eagle with a stedfast Eye
 Stares on th' effulgent Fountain of the Day,
 Which streaming with impetuous Floud of
 Light
 Blinds other Gazers with its torrent Fire;
 So *Marlbro'* with a calm considerate Soul
 Undazle'd view'd the King of Terrors Front,
 That cruel Front that with its ghastful Glare,
 Without his *Adamantine* Mace can bille
 Expos'd to *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Fire,
 He all his chearful Majesty maintains,
 His Orders to exact Advantage gives,
 Commanding all the Movements of his Soul

* Le Soleil ny la mortne se peuvent Regarder Fixement. *Rochef.*
Ref. 30.

With independant and with Lordly Pow'r.
 He who himself thus absolutely rules,
 Seems by wise Nature fram'd for martial Sway ;
 His shouting Troops exalt him to the Sky,
 Him they all imitate, him all admire.
 On pointed Cannon they have run before,
 Here they do more, and hush'd and passive stand
 While their invincible Brigades are form'd,
 Awaiting what Commands their wond'rous Chief
 Has to impose, while all the murd'ing Fire
 Of the *Bavarian* Cannon tears their Ranks,
 Troubling whole Squadrons with the Tyrant
 Rage
 Of missionary Thunder, they mean while
 Who by no Rage, no Fury are sustain'd,
 The Frenzy that on Brutal Courage waits,
 But by true Valour, by Heroick Minds
 Unmov'd, unshaken keep the dangerous Posts
 Which were assign'd them by their dread Com-
 mander.
 The Friends and dear Companions of their
 Toyls,

Those whom they cherish equal to themselves
 Torn from their Sides without Concern they see,
 A nobler Care possesses all their Souls ;
 Themselves too torn they from themselves be-
 hold

Their mangled Trunks divided from their Limbs,
 Yet all their dauntless Spirit they retain,
 E'en for themselves no Grief no Pity shew ;
 They see the King of Terrors in their View,
 They see him stalking near with hideous Stride,
 They see him frowning with a ghastful Scowl,
 Threatning to grasp their Hearts with Iron Gripe,
 Yet see it all untroubled, undismay'd.

O Greatness worthy *Greece* or *Ancient Rome* !

O Valour worthy of eternal Fame !

The great *Epaminondas* thus expir'd
 For his dear *Thebes*, for his great Cause con-
 cern'd,

Regardless of his Blood, regardless of his Life.

And they, like him, would think themselves too
 Blest

To see their Party Victors e'er they expire ;

If any shew Concern, 'tis only Fear
 Least they should fall before their General's Voice
 Allows them to discharge th' impetuous Fire,
 That now pent inward choaks their generous
 Hearts ;
 Thrice happy if permitted, e'en in Death,
 To be the Instruments employ'd by Fate
 To bestow Freedom on the Christian World,
 And on their Country never dying Fame,
 But what are they unable to perform,
 Who such Extreams with Godlike Patience bear ?
 They who appear'd so calm, so meek before,
 Are now all Rage, all storming Fury grown.
 Now Fate looks frowning from their wrathful
 Brows;
 Now from their flaming Eyes red Lightning flies,
 While in their Arms th' avenging Thunder roars,
 And now of dying they can think no more,
 Their General's fatal Order is to kill.
 His Voice they as the Voice of Fate regard,
 And as the Ministers of Fate themselves.

Rushing like sounding Waters they assault
 The strong Retrenchments, so with bellowing
 Sound,

Old Oceans Rage attacks some lofty Digue,
 Which sturdy Swains have rais'd t' oppose his
 Pow'r.

He Billows upon Billows storming pours,
 Which rise, and swell, and rage, and foam, and roar;
 Till the victorious Tenth at last comes on,
 O'erwhelming all with dismal Inundation.

In vain the Foe outrageously resists,
 The Trumpet kindles *Mars* with fiercer Sounds,
 And in their Ears it clangs its martial Roar ;
 Which to the *English* sounds the Voice of Fame,
 That to immortal Glory calls them on.

Now all War's Godhead rages in their Breasts,
 And to themselves they Demy Gods appear,
 Oh the transporting Fury ! Has the World
 An Enemy that can resist them now ?

In vain grim Death in his most hideous Shape ;
 With haughty Strides along th' Intrenchments
 stalks,

Whom

Whom all his Terrors, all his Plagues sustain.
 Th' undaunted *English* turn him on the Foe,
 He sees *Britannia's* Genius in their Eyes,
 And in a dreadful Tone cries out my Friends ;
 These are my Friends, my Benefactors these,
 Lead on, ye Race of Demy Gods, lead on,
 I follow you, and all your Steps attend,
 Fortune and Fate are on the Conqueror's Side.

Impetuous now they rush conducting Fate,
 To their resistless Fury all things bow,
 For what must not submit to Fate or them ?
 Now ev'ry thing against the Foe conspires,
 And Fire and Water to confound them League.
 Behind them conqu'ring Death in fiery Cart
 Drives on, and urges furiously the Chase,
 Discharging Lightnings and the vollied Thunder,
 Before them the revenging *Danube* swells,
 And then he gaping with a hideous Yawn,
 And roaring swallows down his impious Prey.

Britannia

Britannia, Let thy Joy salute the Skies,
 And to thy Maker tuneful Praise return,
 For he the Valour of thy matchless Sons,
 And thy great General's Conduct he inspir'd.
 Let the whole Earth enquire of *Bleinheim's* Field,
 And that immortal Field will cry aloud
 To all enquiring Nations, all enquiring times,
 Thy matchless Sons no mortal Valour shew'd,
 And thy great General's Conduct was Divine.

And thou too with thy Maker's Praise resound,
 Thou Field of *Bleinheim*, once obscure accurst,
 But now great *Bleinheim's* happy glorious Field!
 Thou who wert charm'd with the Transporting
 Sight,
 Who sawst the Godlike Men, the Godlike Deed,
 Who sawst them thund'ring in the fierce Pursuit,
 While *Danube* rising with revenging Floud,
 Swallow'd whole Legions with a hideous Roar;
 Immortal *Bleinheim*, preordain'd by Fate
 To be the blissful Spot that frees the World ;
 Raise to the ravish'd Skies thy Thund'ring Voice,
 And for thy mighty Bliss thy Maker praise,

For

For thou to all Posterity art blest,
 Blest above all the beauteous Fields o'er which
 The winding *Danube* curls his amorous Arms,
 No Length of Days thy Glory shall deface,
 Nor ever Darkness of the Night obscure.
 All times, all Nations thee shall happy call,
 By whom all times, all Nations shall be blest,
 Thou lovely Field of happy *Bleinheim* Hail !
 Mayst thou be ever fortunate as fam'd !
 Thy Sons above the Race of Men be blest !
 May proud Oppression and revenging Care,
 As they their executing Circuit go,
 Fly from thy blissful Borders far away !
 O mayst thou still be happy, stil! be free,
 Thou who hast made the happy Nations free !
 And pour ye Heav'ns into her lovely Lap
 Your sweetest and your most refreshing Dews !
 That flowing Plenty all her Days may crown,
 And golden Slumbers all her blissful Nights ;
 And when from Heav'n the murd'ring Angel
 comes
 To visit with consuming Plagues the Earth ;

May he behold upon thy blissful Soil
 The Stains of *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Blood,
 And passing by revere the sacred Ground !

And thou, O sacred, O Majestick Day,
 Who gav'st to the great Deed auspicious Light,
 O thou who broughtst to Light the noblest Birth
 That ever Fate begat on fertile time ;
 Still as thy Light revolves O sacred Day,
 Resounding with thy Maker's Praise return !
 For highly has thy Maker honoured thee
 Above all Days of the revolving Year !
 His Praise then in a thousand Tongues resound,
 Let Millions of glad Voices raise it high !
 So mayst thou still be charmingly serene ;
 So may thy Halcyon Hours drive smoothly on,
 Illustrious far above the rest of Days !
 On thee may thy bright Sire profusely pour
 A double Portion of his flowing Gold !
 O mayst thou still with sacred Joy return
 With all the Rapture of transporting Song !
 And let the World forget the sprightly *May*,

The Day accomplishing the Joyful Spring
 To celebrate thy lovelier Festival.
 For Freedom is more joyful than the Spring,
 Fairer than Light, and lovelier than the Morn.
 Let never any Cloud thy Lustre stain
 And never any Grief pollute thy Joy !
 May Grief and Care and Pain at thy Approach
 As from descending Angels disappear !
 Mayst thou auspicious prove to ev'ry Deed,
 Accomplish ev'ry Act begun on thee !
 Thee may great Minds for mighty Actions
 choose !
 By high Foreknowledge, sure O sacred Day,
 Thou wert ordain'd to accomplish wond'rous
 things,
 Thy happy Influence once before preserv'd
 The lab'ring World from universal Sway,
 At least a while delay'd its dismal Fate.
 'Twas upon thee the *Carthaginian* Chief,
 Making the World's aspiring Tyrants yield,
 Vanquish'd proud *Rome* at *Canne's* fatal Field.

But time was teeming with a nobler Birth,
 And Bleinheim's Day surpasses Canne's Field ;
 At Canne the contending Rivals strove
 Which of them should enslave the vanquish'd
 World.

The great Contention was at Bleinheim's Field,
 On one side to oppress immortal Liberty,
 To make her wing her Flight from Earth to
 Heav'n,
 And there for ever with *Astrea* dwell,
 Her divine Sister, on the other side,
 Th' Intent was solidly to fix her here
 In lasting Peace, and make of Earth a Heav'n ;
 And never two more powerful Armies met,
 Than that which strove to drive thee from below,
 And that, O Goddess, which maintain'd thy
 Pow'r.

On the Oppressors side the Hostile French
 With the Bavarian Squadrons now were joyn'd.
 The fierce Bavarians were by Nature fram'd

Hardy

Hardy and rough, and fit for Bloody Fields,
 And Victory had rais'd their Spirits high.
 Expert was their perfidious Chief and brave,
 And now the Memory of past Success,
 And Hope of future Empire fir'd his Soul,
 And the wild Prospect of his flaming Tow'rs
 Stung him, till frantick with his Rage he roar'd
 And call'd on Heav'n and Hell for dire Revenge.

The *French* were all of *Gallick* Troops the Flow'r,
 Experienc'd and Victorious were their Chiefs,
 Soldiers and Chiefs inur'd to vast Success :
 And claiming Right to Conquest and Renown
 From long Possession ; with their dearest Blood
 Resolv'd their lofty Title to defend.
 By long Success presumptuous grown and vain,
 Aspiring to the Conquest of the World ;
 Believed by all the Nations and themselves
 To be unequall'd and invincible.
 Proud of their Junction with *Bavarian* Pow'rs,

Which they with so much Hazard, so much Toil,
 Inspight of all great Eugene's Force atchiev'd ;
 From which the Empire sure Destruction waits,
 And all the Christian World perpetual Bonds.
 But O how vain are human Hopes and Fears !
 How blind is the poor Providence of Man,
 And what a Fool to the Designs of Fate !
 The dreadful Moment comes upon the Wing,
 When they who make this Junction now their
 Boast,
 Their Pride, their Hope, their Joy, their Extasy,
 When they whole conquer'd Provinces would
 give
 That this accursed Junction ne'er had been,
 When that which now deludes their glorious
 Minds,
 With the vain Hope of Empire and of Fame,
 Will prove the gawdy Lure thrown out by Fate
 To bring them down from their aspiring Flight,
 And leave them in the Dust.

For now the conqu'ring *English* are in view,
 Inspiring the whole Confederate Pow'r ;
 For what to them can be impossible,
 After the glorious Rout at Schellenbourg
 A Conquest gain'd, when scarce their March was
 o'er ;
 A March like what great *Philip's* greater Son,
 Or the first *Cesar*, took to win the World ;
 A March almost incredible to thofe,
 Who saw at Schellenbourg its great Effect ;
 A March so swift that it prevented Fame,
 For such Dispatch transcends the Germans
 Thought ;
 At which their listless Nations look amaz'd.
 They gazing seem the *English* to regard
 As if descended to their Aid from Heav'n ;
 And their illustrious Chief on *Danube's* Shore,
 No less astonishes the various Powers.
 Whose Squadrons the Confederate force compose,
 Than a Bright Star that all at once appears
 With new Effulge in the Hemisphere,

Amazes

Amazes all the planetary Worlds,
 Who gazing cry 'tis sent express from Heav'n,
 To change the Fortune of the Universe.
 The Nations in the *British* Squadrons Eyes
 Divine Presage of Victory behold.
 Full of their Islands noble Pride they march,
 Full of their fierce Forefathers conqu'ring Fire,
 And while they deathless Vigour in them feel,
 Esteem themselves invincible alone ;
 Believing firmly that to conquer *France*
 Is but their old Hereditary Right,
 Which from remote Progenitors descends ;
 Who then were wont to triumph over *France*,
 Ev'n when they were a People fierce and free ;
 When for their Country and their Friends they
 fought,
 Fought for their dear Relations and themselves,
 How must they then disdain to yield to those,
 Who to support a Griezly Tyrants Pride
 Against their Country and their Friends contend,
 Against their dear Relations and themselves ?

That

That for their Parts they fight for Justice, Truth,
For God, and for Celestial Liberty.

That Fate the first Occasion now presents,
When they the Foe may in the Field surprize
Without oppressing Numbers on their Side ;
Whom they resolve like *Englishmen* t' attack,
That is like Men resolv'd to o'ercome or die.

That now the Eyes of all the Christian World
Are on this great decisive Action bent ;

That all the Christian World expects from them
Deeds worthy of the Champions of Mankind
Against oppressing Tyrants, Beasts more wild
Than *Africk* e're produc'd, and which proceed
To render *Europe* yet more waste than her ;
That they must fight like Heroes who support
The Glory of their conqu'ring Ancestors,
Who great *Britannia's* Liberties assert,
And those of other sinking Realms restore ;
Who vindicate their own undoubted Rights,
And those of all Posterity defend.

With

With Godlike Sentiments like these inflam'd,
 They under their heroick Leader march
 T' attack the Foe encamp'd on *Blenheim's* Field:
 The rest to deathless Lyres ye Angels sing !
 To such a Height no mortal Force can soar,
 And now the Inspiration leaves my Soul,
 Or if I must with feeble Wings essay
 Th' Aetherial Flight, assist y' Aetherial Pow'rs!
 And thou the brightest Angel of the Sky,
 With whose enchanting Beauties all the Host
 Of Heav'n above, all Heav'nly Minds below
 Are charm'd, with whom the great Creator's
 charm'd !
 Eternal Fame ! Thee Goddess I invoke,
 For nothing without thy Aid was e'er produc'd,
 Or great or fair in Earth or Heav'n above,
 (So the great Maker will'd, and made it Fate)
 Descend bright Goddess to my Aid, descend
 T' infuse a Beam of thy Celestial Fire
 Into my Soul, and raise my adventurous Song.

If with thy Beauties all my Soul is fir'd,
 If all that wretched Mortals here call great,
 I sacrifice to Liberty and thee ;
 Instruct me, Goddess, for thou only knowst,
 For thou with all thy Hundred Eyes wert by
 When stooping on thy azure Wings thou leftst
 The Fields of Light for Bleinheim's glorious
 Field ;
 Thou Goddess with thy own Celestial Trump
 Didst sound the Charge through all th' Aetherial
 Vault,
 When at th' Immortal Blast the Pow'rs above,
 Look'd wond'ring from the Battlements of Heav'n.
 Thou saw'st how all the Host of Heav'n look'd
 down,
 And shouting fill'd the eternal Realms with Joy,
 To see bold Man the Cause of Heav'n maintain ;
 The Souls of British Heroes from the Sky
 Upon the Glories of that Field look'd down,
 Thither their Eyes the Conq'ring Edwards bent,
 On that magnanimous Henry wond'ring gaz'd.
 All charm'd to see their times of Gold return,

All charm'd to see bright Victory descend.
 And perch upon an *English* General's Plume.
 There the blest Patron of *Britannick* Knights,
 The Red Cross Champion look'd transported
 down
 To see the Honour of his Order rais'd.
 And there look'd down the blissful Souls of those
 Who in the same immortal Cause expir'd
 At *Fleury* and at *Landen's* fatal Plain.
 And Godlike *William* look'd with Rapture down
 To see great *Marlborough* do what he had done,
 Had but the false *Bavarian* been his Foe.
 The preexisting Souls of future Kings
 On that important Field look'd down, on which
 Their future Right and future Pow'r depends.
 Mean while the Sun, the World's great Eye and
 Soul,
 With all his Pow'r seren'd th' Ætherial Space,
 That no invidious Cloud might intercept
 Th' eternal Deeds of *Blenheim's* wond'rous Day;
 Which shew'd a nobler Sight than all the World's,
 And all the Space immense that with one Kenn

He views, could all afford him, when it shew'd
 So many Myriads of Heroick Souls
 Resolve to conquer or devove themselves
 In the great Cause of Liberty and Truth.
 The Nations here below had all their Eyes
 Intent upon that Field, on whose Event
 Depended all their Freedom, all their Peace.
 The very Elements attend in Truce
 The dreadful Issue, silent were the Winds,
 And hush'd the Voice of *Danube's* angry Roar.
 All Nature in all others Parts had Peace,
 Discord had now no Leisure to attend
 Inferiour Strife, for *Bleinheim* claim'd her all ;
 For there were all her *Stygian* Snakes employ'd,
 There were the Fates and all the Furies there ;
 Who shap'd like Faulcons waiting for their Prey,
 were perch'd on baleful Eughs by *Danube's* Shore :
 So that both Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell below,
 Times present, past, and future, all appear'd
 To be concern'd on that important Day.

But hear ! The Goddess gives the dreadful Charge,

I hear th' enchanting Sound, I feel its Magick Pow'r,

That Sound can like the last Angelick Trump,

From their eternal Mansions rouze the Dead ;

That Magick Sound brings future times in view,

And makes the past return, that mighty Sound,

Swift as the Movement of quick Thought, transports

The Hearer to the World's remotest Ends.

I feel, I feel ev'n now that I am rapt

O'er Lands and Seas to *Blenheim's* wond'rous Field !

Do you see how the tempestuous Squadrons move,
Like Clouds with Thunder charg'd along the Plain !

Oh the transporting Sight ! The noble Sound !

The sprightly Neighing of the Warlike Steed,

And the impatient Champions eager Shouts.

The Trumpets roar ! The Thunder of the Drum !

How *Danube* rears his hoary Head aghast !

Th' adjacent Forrest frightfully surveys,
 Th' adjacent Forrests darts a dreadful Gloom,
 And on his Floud with double Horror frowns.
 On to th' Attack the thund'ring Squadrons move,
 The very Heav'ns above them seem to smoak,
 And the resounding Earth beneath them shakes ;
 The noble Rage of Battel fires the Plain :
 Me too the noble Fury has inspir'd
 Of Registering in Fame's Eternal Roll
 Their Actions worthy the recording Muse,
 The Daughter of Celestial Memory,
 And th' immortal Mother of Renown.
 Eternal Fame, thy Summons I obey,
 Like them thy Charge, great Goddess, I obey.
 But while the Verse which thou inspir'st I sing,
 Do thou, great Goddess, thou my numerous
 Song
 Accompany with that Angelick Trump,
 Whose Sound by all the list'ning Globe is heard,
 And to the World's remotest times descends.

But

But now the Trumpet's Clangor's heard no more,
 No more th' impatient Warriors eager Shouts.
 For now the Cannon thunders thro' the Plain,
 And drowns all dreadful Noises in its own ;
 The moving Squadrons are no longer seen,
 The very Earth and Heavens are seen no more.
 For Earth and Heav'ns seem all involv'd in Night,
 A Night of Dust and of tumultuous Smoak ;
 Or hid in Brightness of tempestuous Flames,
 Too dazzling to be pierc'd by mortal Eyes.
 But now the Goddess with Celestial Light
 Dispells the Mist that veil'd these mortal Eyes,
 And now thro' Clouds of stormy Dust I see
 Thro' curling Smoak, thro' dazzling Flames I see ;
 Say, Goddess, what heroick Forms are those,
 Who the bold *Britons* lead impetuous on ;
 Who between them and Danger interpose,
 And shield them with their very Breasts from
 Fate :

At once in Danger foremost and Renown ;
 Esteeming Glory cheaply bought with Life,
 And frankly off'ring up their noble Hearts
 A great unblemish'd Sacrifice to thee.
 How each looks worthy of his high Command,
 Each looks as if on his heroick Deeds
 The Fate depended of this dreadful Day.
 Ay, now their Shapes distinctly I discern,
 Ay, now I know the herolck Leaders well !
 And thou eternal Goddess knowst them well,
 And thou with all thy Hundred Tongues wilt
 spread
 Their deathless Actions, and extend their Praise
 Wherever thou expand'st thy sounding Wings.
 Hail Race of Heroes ! *British* Worthies Hail !
 Hail noble *Churchill, Lumley, Villars, Wood* !
 And thou great *Ingolsby*, great *Orkney* thou !
 Hail thou, the foremost in the dire Assault,
 Brave *Cuts*, the Lightning of the *British* Thunder
 Great Favourites of Deathless Fame, All Hail !
 Those are th' immortal Heroes whose Commands

The freeborn *English* joyfully obey,
 The Pride and Flow'r of *Britain's* Godlike Sons.
 Upon their Eyes the fierce Batallions gaze,
 And from their Beams derive a glorious Fire,
 And the Remembrance of great *Henry's* Days.

Now after them they move impatient on,
 Impatient for the horrid Shock they earn ;
 Now meet the *French* and we with hideous Noise,
 In Thunder, Lightning, and in Iron Hall.
 Y' Immortal Pow'rs assist *Britannia's* Cause !
 Assist ye bright Spectators of the Sky !
 The Cause of Justice and of Truth support !
 The Cause of all the Christian World defend !
 Ah miserable me ! Th' immortal Pow'rs
 Either against their own great Cause declare,
 Or else blind Fortune governs all below.
 For see th' unconquer'd *English* are repell'd,
 Bright Honour is repell'd and Virtue lost,
 And false Ambition wins, O dismal Sight !
 O dire Calamity ! Surprzing Fate ! That such

As fought like these should ever know repulse !
 Can they from such Heroick Chiefs retire ?
 O can they poorly yield in such a Cause ?
 No, see they Rally with a noble Fire,
 And Shame grown Fury to the Charge returns,
 But to the Valour of the Foe I hate,
 I must do Justice here, a braver Foe
 By *Britain's* Godlike Sons was never charg'd,
 The *French* undaunted all their Fury meet,
 And all with double Fury they repel,
 And drive the *English* Horse like Lightning back,
 See how once more confounded they retire !
 O cursed Fate ! O Fortune ! O Despair !
 Aloud methinks I hear all Nature groan,
 Aloud methinks I hear th' immortal Pow'r's
 Lament the Honour of *Britannia* lost,
 The wretched Fate of Liberty lament.
 O fond Imagination ! Vain Conceit !
 Immortal is the Date of Liberty,
 And *Britain's* Honour never can be lost :
 For see where now Heroick *Marlborough* comes !
 Comes to maintain them, to revenge them comes.

See where the dusty Squadrons he collects
 As *Homer's Jove* convenes the threatening Clouds
 That with his dire Artillery are fraught !
 With what exalted Air he leads them on ,
 Terror before him marches, Fame behind,
 And Conquest like the *Austrian Eagle* shap'd,
 Over his Head flies tow'ring to the Skies.
 With such Majestick Air in Ancient Days
Phidias or great *Euphranor* form'd his *Jove* ;
 But warring *Jove* preparing to discharge
 Vindictive Thunder on the impious World.
 Death his August Appearance sees from far,
 And sees him worthy all his direful Rage ;
 T' attack him mounts upon a fiery Globe,
 But as more near the Griezly Monarch draws,
 He knows the Hero doom'd t' oercome by Fate ;
 And then his fiery Thunderbolt he shhoots
 Into the Earth, and all its Entrails tears ;
 About the Hero casts a Mount of Clay,
 And buries him almost alive with Hast,
 To shun him sacred to eternal Fame. !

The Squadrons all with shudd'ring Horror shake,
 And Ruin from that dreadful Moment wait,
 He in that dreadful Moment is alone,
 Fearless and calmly of them all takes Care.

An Intrepidity so like their own
 Charms all the bright Spectators of the Sky ;
 The Squadrons now redouble all their Rage,
 And catch Heroick Fortitude from him.
 Their Flame rekindled rages in their Breasts,
 And sparkling in their fatal Eyes it rowls,
 Unanimous they to the Charge return,
 With Resolution never seen before ;
 Each Champions with the Fate of Nations big,
 All, All resolve to conquer or to die,
 Ay now, e'en now, the dreadful Moment comes
 On which the Destiny of Men depends ;
 Their raging Blood like fiery Torrents rowls,
 Their Hearts e'en burst with Rage, their noble
 Hearts
 That utterly disdain, that utterly abhor

Th' inglorious Thoughts of Flight or foul Retreat.

Again with dreadful Shouts they rend the Skies,

And now their murd'ring Carabines they sling,

With matchless Rage their flaming Swords they draw ;

In missionary Death they trust no more,

But in their Hands they carry hideous Fate.

Now, now, with all their Might, with all their Souls.

They rush on Death and Wounds, their dismal Way

With their pretended bloody Points they plough,

Or brandishing aloft the horrid Edge,

Like ripen'd Corn the adverse Squadrons mow,

Extending them in Heaps upon the Plain,

The adverse Squadrons can no longer bear

Their fatal Weapons or their fatal Eyes,

Or their victorious Cries, but Slaughter some,

Some Pain and Anguish seize, Confusion all.

And now in Heaps they fall, in Crowds they fly ;

They fly, fair *Europe's* proud Oppressors fly !

And Godlike Liberty's for ever fix'd,

And

And to the Stars is *England's Glory* rais'd.
Victoria the transported *Britons* cry,
With Rapture *Blenheim's* blissful Plain resounds,
To *Blenheim's* Field the ravish'd Heav'ns reply ;
And with victorious Shouts the *Welkin* rings,
Both Heav'n and Earth, and Gods, and Men are
charm'd,
And *Phebus* with redoubled Glory shines,
And on the blest Event all ravish'd Nature smiles,
Danube transported drives his rapid Floud
With double Fury by his echoing Shores,
And to the *Euxin* sends th' enchanting Sound ;
Adown his Shores the Acclamation runs,
That Godlike Liberty's for ever fix'd,
And to the Stars is *England's Glory* rais'd.
Oh Joy ! oh Rapture never to be born !
They fly ! Fair *Europe's* proud Oppressors fly !
The Victors rushing tear their trembling Rear ;
Shouting they rage, and raging they pursue ;
A dismal Joy is on their ratling Tongues,
Fate in their Arms and Fury in their Eyes.

Now

Now Discord stalking with Gigantick Stride
 Wades through a Crimson Stream of torrent Gore,
 And hideous is the Face of Slaughter now,
 And yet e'en now when all the conq'ring Troops,
 Soldiers and Chiefs are all e'en wild with Joy,
 All frantiek with the Transport of their Rage.
 Their great Commanders calm, he who before
 In his own Danger dauntless was alone
 Lord of himself in universal Joy,
 Serenely doubts for all ; yet his the Praise,
 The Glory of th' immortal Day is his,
 He to a Pitch of human Glory rais'd,
 To which no Subject ever rose before ;
 And by this great deciding Moment made
 Darling of Nations, and Mankinds Delight,
 Britannia's second Pride, *Batavia's* Hope ;
 The *Roman* Empires Ornament and Fame,
 The everlasting Blessing of the Good,
 And constant Panegyrick of the Brave :
 E'n in this great deciding Moment he
 Th' impetuous Movements of his Soul commands,

Com-

Commands himself with more imperious Sway
 Than e'en the meanest Warrior of his Troops ;
 To no unruly Transport he gives way,
 To all Attacks remains invincible,
 And stands the noble Conqueror of himself ;
 For now his Genius whispers him within
 That while the Day is doubtless on his Side
 Heroick *Eugene* is severely prest,
 And by the false *Bavarian's* Pow'r distrest,
 And wants the Succour of the Conq'ring Wing.
 Then as great *Virgil's Neptune* with his Voice
 Tames the wild Horrors of his frantick Waves,
 And flattens with a Breath the refluent Main,
 So mighty *Marlborough* with a Word, a Nod
 The Fury of his Conq'ring Troops restrains,
 E'n raging Madness hears that awful Voice,
 And in a Moment sinks into a Calm ;
 That Voice the stormy King of Terrors hears,
 He hears that Voice, and in mid-way arrests
 His furious Arm descending to destroy.

And as the Hero with a Breath can calm

The

The raging Storm in forty thousand Breasts,
 So with a Breath he reinflames them all.
 Again like stormy Seas they waving rowl,
 And rise, and foam with far resounding Roar,
 And tenfold Joy, and tenfold Rage succeeds.
 For on the Spur the blissful News arrives,
 That happy *Eugene* no Support requires ;
 That conqu'ring *Eugene* making vast Efforts,
 Efforts which ne'er will be forgot by Fame,
 A Third time rallied his disorder'd Troops,
 And turn'd Confusion back upon the Foe.

Again great *Marlborough* gives the fatal Word,
 Again the Goddess gives the dreadful Charge,
 And the victorious Squadrons of the left
 Again fall on with terrifying Cries.
 Conquest before, now great Revenge they seek,
 The *French* astonish'd, all Resistance loose,
 All Resolution, Courage, Order, Thought.
 Their Squadrons now confounded, all disband,
 Each for himself takes fordid Care alone,

Sure Ruin both to Armies and to States.
 The Victors with immortal Rage pursue,
 And smite th' affected French, like Wrath divine
 That sweeps whole People, and lays Nations waste.
 See this ye proud aspiring Tyrants, see,
 And let the Face of Bleinheim's dreadful Field
 Teach you to tremble at the Wrath of Heav'n,
 And the just Judgments of th' avenging God !
 Do you see that Heap of abject Wretches there,
 That fall by Hundreds, and by Thousands fly.
 How is Ambition fain ! How in his Turn
 The insolent Oppressor faints and dies !
 Are these the Brave, th' Invincible ? Are these
 The Royal Household of th' immortal King ?
 Are these the Bands so proud of Triumphs past,
 So vain upon the Hopes of those to come ?
 And with the Spoils of conquer'd Nations big ?
 Are these the Gyants who their Tyrant swell'd
 With the fond Hope of universal Sway ?
 How they fly ! How they fall ! How they trem-
 ble ! How they die !

An Iron Tempest galls them in the Flank,
 And the fierce Victor with ten thousand Swords
 Insulting hangs upon their broken Rear,
 Before them *Danube* rises on their Flight,
 And loudly for Revenge, Revenge he roars,
 Arresting their precipitated Flight,
 He strikes them backward with his stormy Brow ,
 Or with his angry Voice their guilty Souls he scares,
 But tenfold Horror drives them headlong on !
 Down, down ten thousand take the fatal Leap,
 And plunge among the Waves ; the *Danube* raves,
 And calls his stormy Billows to the Spoil,
 His stormy Billows to the mighty Spoil
 Drive on, advancing with a hideous Roar.
 Ten thousand Warriors rowling in the Floud,
 Horses and Men reverst midst scatter'd Arms,
 And floating Ensigns on each other Plunge,
 Drive one another drowning to th' Abyss,
 And with tremendous Prospect strike the Eye,
 The very Victors grow with Horror chill,
 Shake at the dire Catastrophe they cause,
 And tremble at the Terrors of a Scene,

Such

Such as no no Nation of the World, no Age
 Since the great *Hebrew's* wond'rous Passage saw,
 Here Heavenly Goddess couldst thou but impart
 To my weak Mind the Force, th' immortal Force,
 To paint with lively Strokes the dismal Scene,
 To paint the Cries, the Shrieks, the dying Groans,
 The Grief, the Rage, the Fury of their Fear,
 And all the Horrors of their baleful Eyes,
 And all th' Astonishment, th' Amazement of their
 Souls,
 With ev'ry dreadful ghaſtful Circumstance ;
 Not *Milton's* wond'rous Piece should mine transcend
 In which *Messiah* with his Thunders arm'd
 Drove down th' infernal Tyrants warring Host
 With Terrors and with Furies thro' th' Abyss,
 Not *Michael Angelo's* stupendous Work ;
 Where the last dreadful Doom sends guilty Souls
 Down to eternal Punishments in Hell ;
 Hell seizes them, Hell meets them on the Way,
 For in their Air and in their Looks is Hell,
 And endless Torments in their Baleful Eyes.

Thus fell the *French* before the Victor's Wrath,
 They who had stood so many Storms of War,
 Yet still unshaken kept their Ground in all.
 Thus of tall Oaks I've known a goodly Row,
 That grac'd the winding Margin of the Floud,
 Defy the Rage of many a wintry Blast,
 The Tempest saw their Strength, and sigh'd, and
 past them by.

But when a Hurrican by Wrath divine
 Came lately bellowing o'er the Western Main,
 That with immortal Fury on them fell,
 That made them tremble at impending Fate;
 And rent at once their sturdy Trunks in twain,
 Or twisted up their Roots, and whirl'd them in
 the Air,
 That tore their lofty Branches down from Heav'n,
 And brought to light their Serpent Roots from Hell.
 Down they came rushing with a fatal Groan,
 And strew'd the River with their scatter'd Limbs,
 And with their mangled Trunks his Channel pil'd,
 Till Devastation choak'd the incumber'd Stream.

O Conqu'ring Death, like *Sampson*, blind tho'
strong,
Hadst thou the glorious Hecatombs foreseen.
Which noble *Marlborough* was ordain'd by Fate
To offer up to thy insatiate Pow'r,
Thou surely then hadst sav'd one Godlike Youth,
And to th' Heroick Father giv'n the Son.
But *Blanford* in his early Bloom was snatch'd
To make the Glory of the Sire compleat ;
Had noble *Blandford* still remain'd below,
He was good, so charming and so great,
So worthy all the Fathers fond Desire ;
Th' invidious World might have pretended then
That *Marlboro'* had atchiev'd his Godlike Deeds,
For private Ends to make his Offspring great ;
Now clearly for his Country and his Queen,
For Liberty, and for the World he acts.

Thou too great Queen by whose auspicious Care
And Wisdom these astonishing Events
Were brought to Light, thou for thy Country act'st,
And for the World, for Children thou hast none,

Too

Too rigid Fate has ravish'd all away.
 Oh Royal Gloucester had but cruel Death
 Permitted thee to see this wond'rous Day,
 How had great Marlbro's Actions rais'd thy Blood,
 And rouz'd the Hero in thy Blooming Breast !
 Till grown impatient thou hadst call'd to Arms,
 Hadst like young Edward crost the ambient Main
 Attended with the Flow'r of British Youth,
 Display'd thy Ensigns in the Gallieke Plains,
 While France had trembled at thy conq'ring Arms ;
 Once more had France an English Sovereign own'd,
 Once more had Spain its rightful Monarch seen,
 Plac'd by a British Hero on his Throne.

But thou art gone, Britannia's Hope is gone,
 For thee Britannia mourns like Royal Ann ;
 Thy Fate thy Mother's Happiness impair'd,
 But it has rais'd her Glory to the Stars ;
 The Wonders which she ev'ry Day performs ;
 Mov'd by the noblest Motives she performs,
 Now for her Country and the World she acts,

For

For Liberty the Darling Cause of Earth,
 For spotless Faith the darling Cause of Heav'n.
 Her Children all were snatch'd away in thee,
 O fond Mistake ! Whate'er the best of Queens
 Performs, she does it for her Children all,
 Her happy People are her Children now.
 And oh so good, so excellent is she
 So tender of their Happiness and Fame,
 So watchful o'er their Rights, so studious of their
 Peace,
 To all extending her impartial Care ;
 So grateful and so dutiful are they,
 Such Honour and such awful Love return,
 Such Love as Heav'n of Human Hearts requires ;
 That Fame is doubtful which the most shall praise,
 The Childrens Duty or the Mother's Care.
 The Dutiful'st of Children sure are they,
 The very Best of tender Mothers she.
 And not the fancied Mother of the Gods,
 Great Queen, could boast a more Heroick Race ;
 And as that fancied Mother of the Gods
 Was charm'd at Sight of her immortal Sons.

With

With all my Pow'r I've rouzed my Genius up,
 That thy victorious Subjects thou mightst see
 Made like to Gods at *Bleinheim's* deathless Field,
 What glorious Sight can more delight thy Soul
 Than Conquest which thy Subjects Bliss ensures
 Thy Glory, and the World's Felicity ?
 Yes *Bleinheim* still can shew a nobler Sight,
 A Sight that for thy Zeal has stronger Charms
 Than all the World's vain Greatness can supply.
 See there thy conq'ring Heroes who before
 Were like to Gods, now equal to the Worm,
 All low and prostrate as the vanquish'd now ;
 Humbling themselves before the God of Hosts,
 Off'ring to him the Glory and the Praise,
 The Sacrifice most worthy of the God,
 Th' Almighty God of War, the God of great Re-
 venge.



F I N I S.

